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ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE HUSKING.

Night II.

BY J. BLAGDARD.

Hyems ignava colono,
Frigoribus parta agricolis plerumque; frustra
Ferax quum proles non bene provisa duravit.
Virgil.

To the Rt Hon the whole World.

Most honored Sire—The writer of the following pieces, being seriously threatened with the symptoms which assubly precede a *'volume of poems,'* begs of thee an opinion of its merits. And this he does with that profound respect which is peculiar to new authors, though not with all the anxious solicitude which they usually feel. For be it known unto thee, Mr World, (i. e. to the readers of the Galaxy,) that if the writer finds out that thou art displeased with his poetry, he will from that time forth keep it all to himself being well assured that it is one thing to have true poetic thoughts, and quite another thing to put them into such language that thou wilt have the same thoughts when thou readest it. Therefore this said writer of 'The Husking,' will not attempt to force his poetry down thy throat against thy taste, lest (for thou wast always a bit squeamish) thou shouldst throw back the poetry upon the author, and with it, some of the contents of thy stomach, which (he begs pardon) is a little foul at all times. But if thou shouldst take it into thy fanciful head to be pleased with what he hath written, he will one day publish certain things for thee to read and meditate upon before thou dost; otherwise, tho' this author loves poetry very much, he will devote all his thoughts to something which he loves better:

The name of the Youth mentioned in the first *'Night'* of the *'Husking,'* (see Galaxy, No 33) was *White*—at least that is the meaning of his name when translated. The name of the singer was Wilkins. They two are the same characters introduced in this Night II. Those acquainted with Vermont farmers, know that they often, in the hurry of fall harvest, gather in their corn and husk it, with their neighbors, at leisure, during the Winter evenings. They had no sooner got together on the second night, than they all agreed that the youth who sang so well on the first night should occupy the whole of this; and so, to escape urging, he immediately commenced the following tale, which I have half spoiled by turning it into poetry—or rather into jingle verse. It is one of those legends which a Vermonter would like to read a hundred years hence, a story of the first settlers.

'Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, quæ
Saxosas inter decurrent flumina valles.' *Virgil.*

I.

The snow was deep, and keen the cold, cold wind
Sung through the leafless branches of the trees;
The mountain streams were frozen far behind
The blue imbedded hills; and by degrees,
A palsy-creeping cold began to seize
On flocks and herds that shivered by their stalls,
And shook their snowy backs, as th' early breeze
Bore to their ears the well-known masters call,
And rustling sound of fodder soon distributed to all.

II.

Morning had streaked the east, and, cold and grey,
Climbing with difficult step the slippery sky,
Up through her icy portals crept the day,
And many a heart that clear cold morn beat high;
For there would be a sleigh-ride, and hard by,
An evening party when the ride was done—
And many a bashful girl, with musing eye,
Blushed as she thought what kisses might be won
At blind-fold forfeits—sports which were that eve to come.

III.

But hark! a call—'Come, ho! the wolf hunt—come!'
A horseman dashed all white with frost along;
'Hillo! the wolf-hunt—come! They're on the run—
The hounds are out, the morning scent is strong,
The ring is forming you bald hills among;
The wolves are gorged—the sheep fresh slain last night!
Come, ho! the hunt—they cannot hold out long.'
And on he drove, a lusty cold-eared wight,
And wound his horn, and bawled 'the hunt!' with all his might.

IV.

And then along those hill-sides might be seen
Old rusted muskets and still older men—
All fun of foot, young, old, with merry din,
Pushing with eager pace the steeps to gain,
And take the savage ere he makes his den.
The ring is closed—the well-known signal given,
Each trumpet to its mouth being fitted, then
They brayed one maddening blast from Earth to Heaven.
As if earth, sea and sky, their last loud shout had given.

V.

And now their march winds slowly up the hill:
All nature else were sleeping as a child:
But even the icy tinkling of a rill
Could force its murmur thro' those snow-drifts piled
Each above each, that ribbed the wintry wild.
The very dogs were silent. They had been
Shut out for fear of shooting them; ear-lopped and mild,
The crept behind the men and eyed the scene;
But the hounds bristling fierce still kept their savage mien.

VI.

Some of the hunters threading a ravine,
Which wound deep in the mountain, came across
Where some few deer were yarded by a spring
Which was not frozen. There they fed on moss
Picked from surrounding rocks—a small dry gorse
They dug from out the snow—and browse which grew
On the low shrubs. Poor silly things! at loss
So cold, so weak, so faint, that not one knew
It could not have killed them. 'Twas in sooth too bad,
And they so innocent, what so much;
It would methinks, have made a ruthless sad
To hear their piteous cry—at first a shriek
And then a feeble moan! They hid their cheek
And beautiful soft faces in the snow.
Another and another still to seek,
Still round and round the jolly hunters go,
And ever as they went sung, 'Ho, the wolf-hunt, ho!'

VII.

The game came thickly now of various sorts,
Wolves, bears, and foxes;—all their tongues were out,
As those well know, accustomed to such sports—
They past and wheel the gath'ring ring about,
Finding themselves hedged in; and still the rout
Grew thicker as the threefold ring
Closed in upon them, and the dogs without
Set up a maniac cry,—the men too sing—
'Come, ho! the wolf-hunt, ho!—the merry work begin.'

IX.

It would have done you good to have been there—
To have seen those fetes nimble, fleet and still,
The dog-thief look which wolves are wont to wear;
And cowish bears plow groaning up the hill,
While on their tracks without the hound-whine shrill
Pierced the clear air—only you would regret
T' have seen some poor white bears whose useless chill
Taught them their innocent large ease to set,
While sounds on every hand could loud and tender yet.

X.

Five wolves were taken from two hollow logs,
And six more shot, which made in all eleven;
But three leaped o'er the heads of men and dogs,
And so escaped. The bears they killed were seven.
But of the cunning foxes, not one even,
For they had fled in season to their lairs,
Beneath some hemlock ledges; 'twould have given
Joy to one's heart, if thus had fled the bears;
Of these poor hounds alone there did remain.

XI.

'Come, ho! The hunt is up! Come, ho! the spoil!'
Thus from glad hearts their jovial song began:
But we, that grief should crown such merry toil,
Along the lines a whispered murmur ran,
And all that could be heard, was 'man! a man!
There lay the singer stretched in his last rest;
He had outstripped the foremost of his clan—
A ball had pierced him just in his left breast—
The blood still oozed out slowly, and his lips depressed,

XII.

Showed he had just done gasping. On his teeth
There lay some snow white froth just tinged with blood,
And, circling round each eye, death's purple wreaths
Compassed their sightless orbs; and there too stood
Upon his brow, a cold, dank, clammy flood
Of sweet half-frose. None sorrowed much for him—
Poor wretch! He oft was in his drunken mood,
And had no family; and such men seem
To pass from living minds as easily as a dream.

XIII.

And yet he had his virtues in his way.
Frank, honest, open-hearted, he would come
With scythe and sickle of a summer's day,
And stoutly bear his part. Oh, he was one,
But for the mills of death that sold him rum,
Who might have served his country and his God,
And blest with friends and with a happy home,
The foremost in society have stood.
Such guilt lies somewhere, there will fall th' avenging rod.

XIV.

The hunt is up. Their lots in haste they draw,
To parcel out the game by hunter's rule.
A brisk south wind blew up exceeding raw,
And the snow melted though the air was cool;
The children in small groups returned from school,
And the short winter's day now faded quite.
It then grew cold. Snow clouds like piles of wool,
Were all the mantle the sky wore that night,
And the moon's burnished horn poured out a flood of light.

XV.

The snow froze to a crust, all spangled o'er
With brilliants like bright eyes—the north wind blew;—
O 'twas a beauteous night; for the crust bore
Both man and horses.—When the land was new,
And carriages were scarce, and teams were few;
Such nights were aye the time for visiting;
(When the hard crust screaked loud, 'twould not break through.)
And some did then their wood on handsleds bring,
Or, sliding down steep hills, run back in joyous ring.

XVI.

Of families, there were about two dozens,
In that retired and quiet neighborhood.
And one young lady, with two younger cousins,
Were, as they all agreed, extremely *good*;—
Which meant as language then was understood,
In health, with form and features downright fair,
And excellent kind hearted, with a flood
Of other excellences, such as are
Too seldom found allied with bright eyes and bright hair.

XVII.

In sooth she had a beautiful fine face;
Its form was neither Grecian, Turk, or Roman,
(Thus poets picture beauties) but each grace
That ever blended in a charming woman,
Most sweetly met in her; so sweet that no man
E'er looked, though rude, upon her face unmoved.
And when she spoke, her tones so sweet, so Aumas,
(Love was no heathen goddess) they were loved
E'en by the laggard clown who through the country roved.

XVIII.

But why should I dilate upon her charms?
Long hath the evening whispered o'er her grave.
Why picture love, its raptures and alarms;
Can love redeem her from oblivion's wave,
Or shall the hand that pens these verses save
One fragment of her memory or his own?
Ahs! the purest thoughts we have,
Haste to the home of spirits, and unknown
Poet and them from earth to the dark past are flown.

XX.

Yet haply some, in idly curious hour,
Shall linger on these lines if but to trace
The youthful workings of that spell, whose power
Hath been confessed by the whole human race,
The charm of love, the magic of a face,
When soft emotions from out fountains pure,
Imparts a rising freshness to each grace,
Which awes the gaze its dimpled sweets allure,
Hid in the startled blush, or downcast look demure.

XXI.

Well, evening came;—a winter evening, such
As walks among those dark green mountains, where
The march of grander mocks art's finest touch,
Without an image or in earth or air;
The snow-crowned pines, the sober spruce are there,
The wintry beech, with bare and thrice a leaf
Whose shaking starts the white faint-hearted hare,
Hid in the copse beneath. Poor thing of grief,
Thy foes and fears are many and thy pastimes brief.

XXII.

Now lurk the thievish foxes from their lairs,
And frisk and gambol on the smooth hard snow
Alone, in flocks, but oft'ner still in pairs,
They bark and fret and then away they go,
Now turning backward, chasing to and fro,
Regardless of all of men or traps or dogs,
They chase the frighted cur, and bristling show
A mimic war, then take them to their logs,
Scooped out by time or fire in fir-off brakes or bogs.

XXIII.

O merry, merry is a winter's night,
A night among the hills that crown the wind,
And shield the rural dwelling warm and tight;
Far more secure than the tall dome we find
Where the broad bayous spread out their spangled height
O'er the low plain; and frantic in their might,
The night winds bid them tremble. Here the vale,
Though lofty, hears the tornadoes deluge pour,
Above the rocky peaks, a groaning gale,
While the hamlets beneath, like a low nestled snil.

XXIV.

O merry, merry is a winter's night,
The distant sleigh-bell sprinkling air with sound;
The windows sparkling with the frosty light;
The smiling hearth, bright faces ranged around;
The board with fruits that honest plenty crowned;
Haply what some call Alpine solitude
The homeless wanderer hath often found
More heartfelt peace than in earth's vaunted good;
Where fewer pangs are felt and fewer cares intrude.

XXV.

Thrice happy scenes! Your sweets know no alloy.
There envy pines not at another's praise,
Nor mad ambition mars their quiet joy;
Sweet the grey hour—and sweet thy evening blaze—
The rural song, and all sincere its praise;
And sweet their preparation for repose;
Their full hearts gushing on the totes they raise,
Or [illegible]
While much devotion from each gentle spirit flows.

XXVI

But to our tale:—The evening guests are met,
And their oft-told civilities exchanged.
In phrase as fixed as 'to be sold or let,'
The greetings of all nations are arranged;
And nature seems unnaturally deranged
Where art is not, and minds and manners rude;
There the full party, each from each estranged,
Seem queerly brought by contact to conclude
The height of social bliss is social solitude.

XXVII.

And she was there. Oh Heavens! I see her still:—
The light of her sweet spirit calmly playing
O'er features that defy all human skill;—
But hush! my wayward fancy ever straying
Amid loved scenes where memory, displaying
Those silent ecstacies forever past,
Robs us of our existence; and betraying
The hidden grief which wastes us to the last,
Mocks to our listening hearts an echo of the blast.

XXVIII.

Yet who that once hath heard his bosom beat
On the white temple which lay pillowed there;—
Those hopes so living, and those looks so sweet
Seen slowly sinking into wan despair;
Oh, who such anguish—who such blight can bear,
Then mix earth wavy multitudes among,
With heart like light birds' carols in the air;
Shake off the pleasing melody of song,
And in life's frantic whirl dance giddily along.

XXIX.

I saw the circle in their social glee,
When nature burst the few restraints of art;
Their frolic rude and ruder revelry—
The dying reel in each before their part,
Whose skill extended to the 'stop and start;'
While many a blunder on th' uneven floor
But added laughter to the general heart,
With 'hunt the slipper,' 'skulk behind the door,'
Or 'blindman's buff,' exhaust their merry-making store.

XXX.

The party ends; all pleasures have an end.
The hours, dressed to fire the piercing blast,
And honest swains their light forms to attend,
Glide o'er the snow crust cautiously and fast,
But hark! A sound—the knell of hopes all past;
The rising wolf-howl wails among the trees:
Heaven speed thee Mary! Thy mad steed at last
All mangled flies as rapid as the breeze,
The wolf-herds throng him still like summer's angry bees.

XXXI.

Heaven speed thee, blue-eyed girl! What power shall save!
Thy form so light, thy step so like the fawn,
These cannot snatch thee from thy snow-cold grave:
For night her moonlight shadows hath withdrawn,
And stormy gusts bring in a sullen dawn.
I saw thee when the morning light was grey,
I heard thy lover's low delirious moan,
His bosom felt thy heart-throb freeze away,
And at thy father's door still clasped thy lovely clay.

THE MANIAC LOVER'L SONG.

My eyes are out, I cannot see,
The cold winds rudely blew;
I clasped thee, Mary, close to me,
And o'er the white waste flew.

Methought I heard the wolf teeth near,
O God! preserve my love:—
My prayer was heard, we now are here;
Look up my snow-white dove.

Methinks thy face is cold, too cold,
Thy smile yet beams on me;
The frost-wreath thy fair locks infold
Do, Mary, speak to me.

My ear is dull, I do not hear,
Speak louder, love, I pray;
So Mary, now we're safely here,
We'll *never* go away.

And the sunny hours of love are ours—
Do, Mary, speak, I pray!
I'll bring thee flowers from the April bowers,
Where the wild birds love to play.

XXXII.

The young heart in its first young love! O Earth
Strange is so rough a clime, emotions soft
As these should find a birth-place, and the birth
Of thronging bright-winged hopes that soar aloft,
And sallow fears whose turn comes full as oft,
To chain the soul all passive to their will,
Ten thousand phantoms are each moment doffed,
Ten thousand phantasies their places fill,
Changing their shapes so oft, they baffle all our skill.

XXXIII.

Turn how we will, our hearts, while life is new,
Must vibrate still when beauty lingers near,
Our sympathies reject, to nature true,
The lessons of experience though severe,
Live in a smile and tremble at a tear.
We strive, we reason, but alas, the day;
One sigh unconscious, and one look sincere,
Melt every breastwork of the heart away,
And to love's pleasing anguish yield an unresisting prey.

XXXIV.

In vain Philosophy unfolds her page,
Truth points her wand, and reason's powers awaken;
In vain they point a bliss for every age,
To charm the young and soothe the time o'ertaken;
In vain they tell of hearts bereft, forsaken,
Or whisper 'all is vanity below.'
The heart still beats, the blood still flows unshaken,
And grief and joy are in its throbbing flow—
Still joy and grief each child of earth is doomed to know.

XXXV.

Hence flow the gaieties of heart which render
The evening circle like a wizard spell,
In which the grave, the gay, the stern, the tender,
Each finds an atmosphere which pleases well;—
As when the evening lowers the moor and fell,
The winged inhabitants their toils resign,

XXXVI.

The lover sees a warfare at his cost
Humorous a fort much harder kept than taken;
His sober judgment on his fancy tossed,
Like tyrants whose a fly's hum will awaken,
He doubts, he hesitates, his spirit shaken
'Twixt fondness and mistrust of her he loves
He thinks it possible he is mistaken,
Until his jealousy begets or proves
His mistress hate, then come sighs, sonnets, rocks and groves.

XXXIX.

Come, child of sorrow! whose dejected heart
At Heaven's allotments ever durst repine,
Find in these sketches thy life's counterpart,
And all thy fond inquietude resign:
I know thy heart, its pulses beat in mine.
Then deem not thou art wretched, thou alone;
For though thy sorrow every grief combine,
Which human soul hath felt or fancy known,
Thou suffest the same sea on which a race are thrown.

END OF NIGHT II.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SLIPS FROM THE RECTANGULAR CITY.—NO. III.

BOOTH.

"If this is madness, then there's method in it."

In my last, friend Harrington, I gave you an anecdote of this singular son of the buskin, who took his farewell benefit here recently. From the same source, I am now enabled to present others, which I take to be authentic, and which are, to say the least, admirably illustrative of the little actor's eccentricities.

When Booth took possession of his farm in the vicinity of Baltimore, he sent home for his father; but chose to build his own domicile with the walls of a height adapted to his diminutive stature. The old gentleman being somewhat taller than his "gifted boy," found this arrangement quite inconvenient. Another house was accordingly built for him on the premises, as Booth, jr. with his usual pertinacity, declined altering the altitude of his ceiling. For nearly five years, the retired performer contented himself with an agricultural life, daily bringing in his produce for sale at the Baltimore market. One day when his grass was half mowed, an old comrade came to him in great haste and reminded him of a promise given on the receipt of some [illegible] that gone by, to play for him when he should request it. 'The time is now come, Mr. Booth', observed the applicant, 'will you return to N. York with me?' 'You see, sir,' returned Booth, 'the state of my fields, and can estimate the loss I shall incur if I leave my farm, now; however, my word was given and it shall be redeemed.' Throwing aside his scythe, he accompanied his friend to the Commercial Emporium, and of course, drew an immense house. The morning after the play, a handsome compensation was offered the actor; 'I did'nt play for money,' said he, and proceeded to the boat: returning as expeditiously as possible, and refusing even to have the expences of his journey defrayed. On another occasion, a highly deserving actress who had depended upon Cooper to play at her benefit, was deeply disappointed to find that he was obliged to waive his engagement. Booth hearing of the circumstances and knowing the necessities of his professional sister, hastened to town and proferred his services provided he should receive the share of the receipts which he required, being, as he said, in great want of money. 'I have no alternative, Mr Booth, but to accept your offer: what share do you require?' 'O we'll settle that after the play.' 'Nay, but I insist upon knowing at once.' 'Well, then, Madam, I must positively have a fourpence halfpenny.'—And no sooner was the green curtain down, than he bustled up to the obliged fair one and gravely demanded his salary, which was paid over with heartfelt gratitude. Carefully pocketing the money, he walked away as complacently, ay more so, than if he had won thousands. But the occasion which drew him on the boards again is said to have been the following.—He was disposing of his vegetables one morning in Baltimore market, when he was accosted by Mrs Duff with an urgent request that he would play Richard, the evening evening, as the gentleman who was announced for the character had been suddenly taken ill. 'I did not intend to go on again,' returned Booth, 'but since you request it, I will; I cannot rehearse though; I must sell my vegetables first; you may depend upon me.' In the evening, accordingly, he made his appearance and performed with even more than his wonted power after his long retirement.

The gentleman who, sometime since, had the charge of the Museum at Louisville, frequently received visits from Booth who seemed to have a taste for Natural History. Through him the tragedian negotiated for the purchase of two mummies to which he had taken a fancy. Soon after this his visits were suddenly discontinued and his friend learned, with no little regret, that he had been imprisoned on the score of insanity. Many days had not elapsed after this information reached him, when, while busily engaged in hanging some portraits, the distant shouting of a mob reached his ear; the sounds came nearer and nearer, but before he could fully ascertain the occasion of the commotion, the door opened, and in stalked a figure which he imagined was that of an Indian, followed by several persons. The individual was completely enveloped in a blanket and his head bound up in a handkerchief. Approaching him, in a confidential manner, he raised the bandage from his brow—with the query, 'don't you know me?' It was Booth. 'I've called,' said he, 'to tell you that I wish my mummies delivered to a person who will come this evening with an order signed by me.' The crowd drew near; the actor suddenly ceased and pulled the handkerchief over his eyes; then opening the folds of the blanket, he discovered a young rabbit which he commenced feeding with cabbage leaves; and thus closing made his exit. In the evening the man with the order arrived; but his appearance was so unprepossessing, that the *custode* hesitated to deliver the mummies and, in order to satisfy himself, proposed accompanying the applicant to Booth's residence. He found him in his chamber and ordinary boarding house, his coat off—spirits. During a week he performed his principal characters with all his original energy and to overflowing houses. When questioned as to his expedition, he seemed vexed and answered nothing.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9th, 1835.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST—NO I.

PITTSBURG, Dec 9th, 1835.

At your instance, friend Harrington, I have consented to send you an occasional letter about the West, and yet 'pon honor I don't know where to begin. At a loss for materials, hey? I hear you exclaim. Materials indeed! The West is the most prolific subject in the world. My perplexity is, that materials present themselves in such profusion and variety as to embarrass me in making a proper selection. You expect, and the readers of the Galaxy will look for an impartial representations of facts—of persons, and things. This I am resolved on, and unless I unwittingly commit myself, justice will be done to the West so far as I have anything to do with it. But I can not promise to write of every matter of interest, for among a population so multifarious—in a section of the Union so beautifully diversified by nature, and though till of late it was rugged and wild thro'out, yet now so much improved by art, I shall no doubt omit many circumstances of importance. My purpose is to convey correct *general* information of the West, and more, I do do not give you liberty to expect.

But in my view of propriety, it is not befitting to enter at once on a description of this region as it now is. There is a dark shade which naturally belongs to the picture, and without this shade, the figures as they now stand would have no relief. I must retrograde a little—go back and tell of things in general as they were a half century ago—by the way, a short period in the age of a country—and thence trace up the history of the West, or rather the principal features of its history. But this cannot be done in one letter. I must take time for it, and you and your readers must have patience with me.

The following is the chorus of an old song:

'And we'll go and hunt the buffalo,
On the banks of the Ohio.'

This song was made in New England, ay, and sung there, too; yes, in Boston—about fifty years ago, when the entire West, from the Alleghany to the Rocky [illegible], and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes, was covered with thick forests, and infested with Indians and wild beasts. At that period, Boston and the villages round it, though much improved since, were bright and beautiful. Our forefathers, the worthies of the Revolution, had just emerged from a long and arduous war. Joy gladdened every heart, the song of liberty burst forth from the lips of old and young—all felt and looked, and acted as if, with the change of government, they had thrown off the ills 'which flesh is heir to.' The people in the Atlantic cities believed that the same spirit of liberty which warmed and animated them and made them feel secure of social happiness, extended itself to the remotest and most rugged parts of the country. Ohio was then supposed to be as far off as conjecture could reach, and every body spoke of it as a wild and uncultivated region. Such indeed it was, but being comprehended within the magic circumference of liberty, it of course constituted a portion of the political paradise. Therefore to the number of patriotic songs which in those times multiplied every month, was added the one already alluded to. It was as long as 'Chevy Chase,' and each verse ended with the lines above quoted.

Animated by the spirit of liberty and enterprise, a few adventurers from the east and south found their way into the wigwam region, buoyed up by the expectation of forming settlements and rendering themselves happy for life. Poor fellows! they met with a sad disappointment of all their cherished hopes. Instead of 'hunting the buffalo on the banks of the Ohio,' the most of them fell victims to the relentless tomahawks of the savages, who were the sole proprietors of the forests and prairies and rivers of the West. To say nothing of the region beyond the Ohio, the spot where I am now writing, fifty years ago was wild and uncultivated—a dense woods where no echo of a human voice was heard but the war-whoop—no outbursting of joy, except the triumphant vociferations of savages when they counted their scalps. Let this suffice for an introduction.

S.

ORIGINAL COMIC SKETCHES.

THE HACKING COUGH!

Or the eventful history of Obadiah Muscletwitch!
An affecting a story as you ever read.

BY HENRY P. HARRINGTON.

Chap. I.—The Presentiment.

'The course of true love never *did* run smooth!'

Mr Obadiah Muscletwitch was an excellent man in the main. His friends said so, and the whole village rung with his praises *in the main*. He once gave three loads of wood, to be distributed among the poor—and the name of Obadiah Muscletwitch was sighed forth by the compassionate, and floated on the broad wings of popular fame—as broad as the village of Runandtellit. He presented Mr Alexander Smallfry with a hundred dollars after his house had burned down, and this redounded to the greatness of Mr Muscletwitch. In fact, more than one said that he was an excellent man in the main.

It is true, some dared to hint,—indeed to say openly, that he would get as drunk as a sot, as often as twice a week, at least; that the wood he gave to the poor was so bad, that he wouldn't burn it in his own house; that his head was heavier than his heels—i. e.: he was considerably 'how-come-you-so,' when he presented Mr Alexander Smallfry with the hundred dollars. More than this, obscure rumors crept about in corners, through chinks and crannies, and under doors and windows, that he had no better than second hand furniture in his upper story. How this might be, is not for me to say in this paragraph. I have, so far, only endeavored to show how Mr Muscletwitch's character stood in the main. In the next paragraph, if you read on, you will find with him, what sundry others might be looked on it.

Mr. Muscletwitch had staring eyes, a little crooked, and somewhat blear'ed, which gave them an undefinable expression. He had long arms, to which were appended the largest hands in Christendom. He was gaunt and bony and bent over when he walked, which some attributed to humility, and which others said was owing to his having leaned over so much when he drunk, that he couldn't stand straight when he was sober. His pantaloons came down to his calf, and his foot measured eighteen inches from heel to toe. When he walked, he projected his legs right forward with a sudden impetus, and went on with a stride, with his arms dangling, as if he were marching to the tune the old cow died on. Such were his personal qualifications.

[The reader will observe how admirably I have in the above description of Mr Muscletwitch, introduced all the members of his family; and from the delicate hints given, he will surmise something of the feelings with which they regarded him. For instance—from his mother's knitting his stockings, the keen observer will gather that he was her favorite son. From his sister's combing his hair, he will judge that she loved him, and took pride in his personal appearance. From Jane's joke he will see, that she didn't much care for him, and from Titus's snickers he may know that the nigger hadn't much respect for him. This judicious commingling of events and persons, is one of the most important parts of historical narration, and redounds greatly to the credit of an author—inasmuch as it saves several paragraphs and some time.]

We now come to Mr Muscletwitch's character. He certainly didn't know but little, and what he did know he was not altogether sure of. He would drink and get drunk at times. He thought but little, and talked but little. But the great point in his character was, he was awfully superstitious. He believed in ghosts, fairies, witches, sprites, demons, wizards and hobgoblins. He was afraid of his own shadow. He never went by the churchyard, and never, never went out at night. Add to this a terrible nervousness and one will have an idea, that Mr Muscletwitch felt, in sundry situations, extremely uncomfortable. So much for his character.

[The reader will see with delight, that in the above account of Obadiah, I have skillfully and cunningly avoided saying anything directly, about his property; leaving him to surmise from his having a housekeeper and cook, that he had a house—from his getting drunk often, that he had considerable small change—and from his being possessed of a hundred dollars at a time, that he had enough to live upon. This 'circumstantial evidence', of facts, or as it may be called, 'collateral security', is beautiful in composition, and requires the hand of a master to manage it well.]

Having finished the description of my hero, let me say a few words of my heroine. Her name was Dorothea Almira Spitalfields; and she lived opposite to the tavern where Mr. Muscletwitch got his grog. She was thirty three in age, five feet nine in height, and weighed seventy two pounds. She lived nearly all her life in Runandtellit; but for a year previous to the time when our tale commences, she had resided in Boston, whence came her poor dead and gone mother. Her complexion was dark, her skin thick and rather wrinkled and dry, and her nose pointed—as was her chin. After she returned from Boston, she sat all day at her window as usual.

[The reader will see how gallantly and delicately I have insinuated, by saying that Miss Dorothea weighed seventy two pounds and was tall for a lady; that she was very lean; by this means avoiding the impoliteness of speaking a thing like this out bluntly about one of the softer sex.]

Mr Muscletwitch often saw her at her window, as he went to and from the tavern, and he often thought she smiled on him with complacency. From having a little regard for her, he at last took an absolute shine to her. He gathered in the end courage enough to bow, and she certainly returned it. So it went on. He bowed and she bowed—he smiled and she smiled. He got drunk, and thought of Dorothea Almira Spitlefields!

One day, in the afternoon, as he was going to his dwelling, oppressed with New England rum and Dorothea Almira, (she had smiled on him that day more than usual) slinging out his legs with wonderful quickness and dexterity, he thought seriously—no he didn't think—but he came as near to thinking as he was capable—that he would alter his situation. Once determined, nothing in the world could change Obadiah Muscletwich! He stopped short in the road, and secured his balance—he looked awfully sentimental—he rolled up his eyes—he doubled up his fist—and then he exclaimed, 'I'll shin up to that gal, as sartin as I'm a born critter!' and he went on, feeling much easier in his mind.

Three days after, Mr and Mrs Wouldandcouldn't, who were particular friends of Miss Spittlefields, and had heard from her all about how the Boston people managed social parties, sent invitations for a 'social party' at their house. A party in Runandtellit always made a great stir. More than sixty were invited, and more than fifty accepted; and among the accepted was Mr Muscletwitch.

He went—he knew his Dorothea would be there.—She was there, and he looked at her, and asked her how she did, and said 'twas 'awful stormy 'bout these times'—and she answered him, and he was happy.—She was dressed in a killing calico with a large red figure, and had a blue ribbon about her waist, the ends of which reached almost to the ground. Her hair was curled all *over* her head, and when she walked, she bent forward a little in the true Boston style; and Mr Muscletwitch surrendered at discretion.

The next day he fortified his social system with a stiff glass of New England, and marched with peculiarly long steps up to Miss Dorothea Almira Spittlefield's room. I have already said that he said but little at any time, and here I say, that what he did say, he said in a thick voice. He thrust out his hand to Miss Dorothea, and in husky tones thus ejaculated:

'Sposin we two should jine partnerships?'

What *could* have influenced Miss Spittlefields to set her cap for Mr Muscletwitch? She contrived to herself that his personal appearance didn't exactly strike her fancy, but perhaps she thought he had money to live on, and *certainly* she thought that if she didn't take *him*, she could get nobody else—and this reflection coupled her susceptible heart: so when he made his proposition, she pulled out her handkerchief, cast down

[illegible] The effects of the room [illegible] This thrust of fear stuck a dagger into his soul!!! [illegible] figure [illegible]ured! His hair stood on end! His [illegible]—his knees turned! His most striding through the village [illegible] of his own wife, on the locomotive principle. Nothing [illegible] stop him! On—on he stuttered and sputtered, (it was very muddy) right towards the mill-pond! One more effort, and he's in! Oh, six hundred thousand horrors! Mr Obadiah Muscletwitch is plunging beneath the waves!

[The reader will take particular notice of the climax of interest to which I have brought him; and how dexterously and unobtrusively I have avoided saying directly that he was drowned—leaving that to be explained by the concluding paragraph.]

The next morning a black beggar who had a terribly [illegible] cough, stopped at the tavern and begged a breakfast, and said that he had to sleep in the grave-yard all night.

Mr Muscletwitch's body was found—and Mrs M. was eager to see if there was a will. There was one; and it left all his property to his mother and sister! Mrs Muscletwitch went raving distracted!

[The reader will exult that I have explained the cough, thereby doing away the supposition of supernatural agency, which is very unpleasant to many. Accepting his thanks for the excellent entertainment I have given him in the above story, I remain his obedient servant to command.]

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1835.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE, for December, '35. This journal is no more. After to-day, transmuted into, or amalgamated with, the American Monthly—a work we never happened to see, to our knowledge—its apparition will be periodical in that Great Babylon of the West—New-York. Under a becoming sense of our duty and of our accountableness, we are about penning our last judgment of the New-England Magazine. Let our words be remembered—they will assuredly be appealed to hereafter: if not by others—at least by ourselves.

In a word therefore, it is a heavy reproach for New-England that such a work as the New-England Magazine, after languishing to the end of the sixth volume, should be obliged to cast itself headlong from a precipice, like poor Sappho—or bleed itself to death like poor Seneca—for a chance of being remembered yet a little while. Why, in the name of all that is dignified, respectable or praiseworthy in literature—why can we not have a New-England Magazine, worthy of New-England?—In what way could a few thousands of dollars—a very few—be more wisely or profitably expended for the reputation of New-England?—What if one thousand subscribers were obtained for such a work, each for five years, at five dollars a year, and the whole paid in advance?—it *ought* to be obtained in a single day, and perhaps might in the city of Boston alone, if the people of Boston understood their own interest—and what if, on the collection of this sum of $25,000, proper security were given for the establishment of a monthly journal, to be conducted—not by two editors—and much less by a committee of editors—but by *one*, who would be handsomely paid, and as *independent* for the five years mentioned, as are any of our judges—to be aided by contributions from the *best writers of the age*, no matter of what country, or in what language they wrote—do you think it would not be money wisely and profitably expended for the city of Boston—yea for New-England—yea for the whole United States of North America, past, present and future? What are $25,000 for such an object as a National Journal—what $25 for any man to pay with a reasonable prospect of being furnished for five years with something better than he has yet been accustomed to in the way of Monthly American Journals?—What if the experiment failed—what if the whole were lost—it would be nothing—absolutely nothing, in comparison with the object—the foundation of a respectable and independent journal—the foundation we might say, of *Independence in our Literature*; for such it would be, after its character was established; but to do all this, three things are necessary.

1. The subscriptions must be not for one year, but for a longer period—not less than five.

2. The subscription should be paid in advance—thereby to ensure a spirit of independence—right or wrong—in the judges of Literature, just as it now is wherever the influence of such a regulation is understood—in the judges of law.

3. The Editor should be handsomely paid—secure of a salary for at least five years—and his contributors should be paid, *at least* five dollars a page.

Let such a plan be adopted—and we charge nothing for the suggestion, though we look upon it as worth—ever so much—and our *National* Literature would spring forward, in one leap, half a century a head of what it is now. Let any other plan be adopted, and we shall continue as we are now—half a century behind all the rest of the world, in a strong, healthy *self-respect*, and *self-sustained* Literature.

Native writers are a sort of citizen militia. *We must have them.* We cannot do without them. Foreign writers are mercenaries—if we cannot defend ourselves, we shall be obliged to employ them; and we never can defend ourselves, or become respectable, until we have such a body of militia. It may be cheaper at first to depend upon others for protection—but in the long run, it will be *cheaper* to defend ourselves. But our militia must be trained—and how are they to be trained? According to the temporary regulations of our present militia system?—we hope not—we believe not. In some other and better, and cheaper way, so that when it shall be necessary for American writers to take the field in earnest in defence of their institutions, history, character or hopes, they can do so with a certainty of being listened to, *because of their reputation.* To secure a passage for the most unanswerable demonstration, into the very heart of a strong-hold or a citadel, it is not enough to send a summons—or a flag of truce—with it a name should go—a something already known, tried, celebrated and feared. A magazine ought to be established, at once and forever, in the very heart of New-England—whether it will be in another question—about which we have little or no hope, whatever may be our wishes or opinions. Yet more—such a *magazine* ought to be filled with every sort of weapon for offence and defence—all the munitions of war—artillery, pop-guns, rockets and rifles—with a good store of blunderbusses and thunder—in short a *magazine* it should be; and what is more, it ought to be supported as a *public* affair, by contributions of a *public* nature—and by sacrifices—yea by *sacrifices*—proportioned to the magnitude of the object. As the matter now stands there is no hope. Subscriptions are only for one year—never paid in advance. The salary of the Editor is little or nothing—usually nothing—sometimes much less—never much more. Contributors are not paid—and the consequences are what? Instead of a hearty, fearless indifference—a slavish fear. Instead of a noble confidence that in the long run, Truth is mighty and must prevail—Honesty and Faithfulness—Good Sense—Courage and Watchfulness—Virtue and Strength, sure of being understood at least—a sneaking, dastardly, driveling fear of A's prejudices, or B's displeasure—the loss of a few subscribers for whose opinions nobody would care a fig, after he had got their money. But enough—

> ——————we would not wear
> Our strength away in wrestling with the air.'

And now, briefly—briefly—to the articles in the present number.

Friendship—from Mary Wolstencraft. Manlike.

The Plague on the Heart. Fair.

Sketches from Memory. Capitol.

Sea Breeze at Matanzas. Fine after a small way.

[illegible] with a scowling eye upon festivals and holidays—[illegible] offering in the world, where [illegible] clouds of [illegible]—with smiles, whose bland assiduities are [illegible] by [illegible] aversion, or sunkenness of [illegible] jealousy, would have the world piled on without a resting spot; the wheel of business revolve without a pause; and man take no repose from weariness. It hath no to confer with such—they understand not the true principle of vigorous and undecaying prosperity. In sooth, thy wrath reader is a true and faithful servant; it seeketh not its tick, that telleth thee how fast thou growest old, but scoureth its little bell from day to day and from month to month—but at sundry times it needeth to be cleansed and fitted for healthier action. So doth the brain of man oft require to be freed from gathering rust, that he may start afresh upon the race. He must, here and there, have a stopping place in the journey of life—such are festivals and holidays—my soul delighteth in them.

There be two kinds of holidays—the general and the social—and for a specimen of the first will I instance the Fourth of July—when man goeth abroad and smileth, and shaketh hands with his neighbor, and meeteth [illegible] townsmen—when the loud voices of warlike instruments startle the air with noise, and the merry bells incessantly clang—when bonfires illuminate, and youngsters are mischievous—and pomp and music and rejoicings make the senses wonder—there is joy in all this—but it is a joy that hath a sting—its very excitement wearieth—thou art glad when it is over, and calmness resumeth her reign within thee.

The social—such is Thanksgiving. Man calmly and quietly sitteth himself down by his fireside and at his board, and in the gratefulness of his heart thanketh God that He hath been kind. He gathereth his household together from every part, unless perchance some loved one be far, far away, beyond the cold mountains or the broad blue sea—and then he blesseth them—and if there be a solitary exile from the family altar, then is the absent one remembered—then are his virtues spoken of, and love—the deep love of a father, mother and brethren, fresh kindled—the silent tear falleth, the eye is raised and the prayer ascendeth, that the stranger from his home may be blessed in the protection of his Heavenly friend—and the heartfelt sentiment goeth round, 'To the memory of the absent!' O truly of all days in the year do I most affect Thanksgiving!—It hath so much of subdued and quiet joy—yet deep and gushing and hallowed!—making the heart better and the eye brighter and the soul happier. It compareth with other holidays as the stirring sounds of a drum and fife compare with the sweet melting melody of a flute—the one making the blood to beat quicker in its pulses and the step lighter, but mingling much of earth's emotion—the other, soothing the troubled spirit, and softly lulling the voice of sorrow to quiet rest! For its holier influences do I love Thanksgiving—for its sacred, its heavenly associations!

In sooth, now do I fear that I approach a bathos—the corporeal joys of that festival—the associations that have more to do with the body than with the soul—the masticating happiness of Thanksgiving!—and that I may approach it with grace and propriety, will I for a moment descant on the two days preceding the holiday. It cometh on Thursday—on Monday is the horn sounded—and on Tuesday preparation beginneth. On Tuesday of Thanksgiving week, do I most devoutly call on every saint of the calendar to carry me safely through! Home is derobed of its ordinary charms—dinner cometh late, and hath not the aspect of dinner—supper, peradventure cometh not at all. One learneth at this awful period the rudiments of satisfying his own wants, and running his own errands. The boy is waiting on the cook—the cook appeareth covered with flour—the chambermaid maketh the chopping-knife to resound.—Butter, raisins, suet, dough, and other ingredients thrust themselves upon the attention. The children sit up late, forsooth, because no one will put them to bed—and one rejoiceth to retreat thither himself as a most desirable refuge. Wednesday abateth not the nuisance but addeth to it tenfold—and with a sigh of gratitude, one riseth from his couch on Thanksgiving day!

Eating! How many look with ineffable contempt upon the lover of good cheer! How many regard the soul of the gourmand as a base compound of earthly grossness! How many, unable to bear the odium of affecting the tasteful things of existence, steal away like thieves and indulge their appetites in secret. How many will thank me that I come boldly to the rescue!—that I man the fortifications of argument against the opponents of the stomach!—that I place the lance in rest, for the lovers of good cheer!

Let me reason—and bear patiently with me, thou who masticateth sparingly, and thinkest thyself therefore, one step nearer to angelic perfection—flout not at me, but read and be convinced. Hath God given any thing in vain? Hath he not bestowed every thing in wisdom and for the diffusion of happiness? Thou wilt say yes assuredly. Well then—there are five senses—hearing, seeing, feeling, smelling and tasting! Thou hearest beautiful music, and art choice in thy selections to please thyself—thou lookest with rapture on lovely things and thou pronouncest this more delightful than that, and feedest thine eyes upon it.—Art thou not judging the Most High, when thou reflectest upon the sense of taste?—Art thou not unjust to Him who is careful with what he supplieth it? Most assuredly.

I look not with complacency upon him who maketh his inner man his god—and worshippeth it. But is not he as culpable, who stuffeth imagination beyond a reasonable extent, by indulging his ears or his eyes too far? Thou mayest say that hearing and seeing are not of so gross a nature. Stop—thou treadest on holy ground—thou art arraigning thy Maker.

It is pleasant to eat of the fat of the land, and happy is he who uniteth heavenly and earthly sensibility on Thanksgiving day—for the skill of the housewife is then put in most constant requisition—then are the best things served up for the palate in the best manner—then may one delicately taste here and there and luxuriate and be filled! O, thou who hast a palate, fear not! Philosophy and propriety protect thee when thou indulgest! Be bold, and retreat behind the banner of thy rights!

In sooth, both mind and body may find refreshment and joy on the merry Yankee Thanksgiving! H.

[illegible] Foster's republication of this [illegible] work is before us. Two [illegible] at a time!—and the drug [illegible] to subscribers [illegible]. Will any such a work be liberally patronized? If not—perhaps Mr. Theodore Foster may find it worth his while to furnish this host, to whom as the first number [illegible] all the intermediate ones [illegible]—paying the postage of course—and we don't say he will be [illegible]. The second is the August number, and contains the usual [illegible] number of that periodical, not a few pages of elaborate and impassioned writing, with not a little theory and vulgar pretension. Of the latter—the review of N. P. Willis, he take to be a fair specimen. The Editors', being at war with the London School of Puns—Professor Wilson hates Barry Cornwall most heartily. Hating Cornwall, and wanting an opportunity for serving him out—maybe you saw the last round, after the publication of Proctor's life of Kean—he took up the volume of Willis's Poems, published under the superintendance of Barry Cornwall—the cockney, alias they have fixed with Leigh Hunt—neither of whom is a match for Wilson himself in most things—more than a match in some things—and for the sake of confusing Proctor—alias Barry Cornwall—puffs Willis. But how!—why, just as you would puff any other young gentleman, who had just merit enough to prevent people from seeing through the flimsiness of your pretensions; charging with wholesale plagiarism, in the two principal pieces—nay in three—'he had almost said, looking at the motto—*avowedly* imitating'—nay and with *equalling* Barry Cornwall himself! in a dramatic scene! Here Wilson, a very pretty poet in his own way, witness the Isle of Patmos—and a very beautiful prose writer—witness the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, and the Trials of Margaret Lyndsay—two of the sweetest and purest books ever written—here Wilson is unjust to Willis, and to the delicate sensitiveness, the unaffected, elegant simplicity, and clearness of his poetical conceptions. Nothing can be purer in their way than some of Willis's thoughts—nothing more exquisite than two or three of his smaller pieces. But the critic is dreadfully at fault on other ground. He knows Willis personally—he calls him the 'brilliant American'—he takes occasion—by the ears—to say that he Wilson, has a friend, who had just got a letter from Willis, franked *Mahon*—as if anybody could not have such a frank for the asking—nay without asking, where every nobleman is in the habit of franking everybody's letters that fall in his way, and even whole quires of paper, to be scattered by understrappers—thereby establishing their own importance, defrauding the revenue, and putting a penny, without charge to themselves, into other people's pockets. Now, say we—if Wilson did not know Willis, he Wilson is either a——we were just about saying a knave or a fool, to write the following passage—but as Wilson is a favorite of ours, notwithstanding a quarrel we have had, without well knowing why—as neither ever saw the face of the other—we shall not suppose him either a knave or a fool, but simply and truly—either a warm-hearted fellow, incapable of reading character, or a critic yielding to the harlotry of his detestation for another school, and suffering his pen to run away with him. The passages to which we allude are the following:

'Soothed and elevated by the music of our dream, we turn to the *Sacred Poetry(!)* of this *excellent* young American(!)—and we feel at once that *his piety is sincere(!)* for it is reverential—and his sense of the beauty of the miracle he ventures to record in verse is burdened with awe. He sees the light and knows it is from heaven. * * * He has read aright in the New Testament—and such verses as these are not only blameless, *but they are a welcome* [illegible] * * * a BENEFICTOR.' * * * We shall give the Leper, and leave Mr Willis to the *criticism* of all the good'!

The credulous, good-natured simpleton! Had he never met with Willis—never talked with the 'brilliant young American'—had he judged by the poetry itself, without any other knowledge of the man, we should not have wondered at all at such a conclusion; for we believe in our heart, that when Willis wrote much of the poetry above referred to, he *was a believer*—and the poetry itself—perhaps—a *'religious exercise.'* But for one who knows the man personally to say such a thing *now*, either of him or of his poetry—*to* those who know the man personally, is—to speak 'reverentially' of Blackwood, though not 'overburdened with awe'—the flattest thing!—the silliest or the most impudent thing we have heard whispered or seen published for a twelvemonth—although we live where a paper called the Eastern Argus, under the guardianship of one Francis O. J. Smith, is published. N.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. New York: Harper & Brothers. Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Co. We are right glad to see this beautiful publication. A first-rate annual for children—ay, and grown up bipeds.—Elegantly got up. Ought to be a standard work. The Harpers publish scarcely anything that is not valuable.

PAUL ULRIC. Same publishers. We haven't had time to read this book, but glances into it, here and there, lead us to think it very *readable.*

WAYLAND'S MORAL SCIENCE. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. An abridgement of the large treatise, for the use of schools and academies. It was very much needed, and we are glad that it has been accomplished by such a man as President Wayland, whose discrimination and strong judgment admirably fit him for such a work.

☞ We have received during the past week, several Numbers of the 'Penny Cyclopedia,' from Messrs Munroe & Francis, and 'Cary's Library of Choice Literature,' from E. R. Broaders. We have before spoken in praise of these publications.—The first cheap and comprehensive, is *necessary* for every library;—the second, a valuable addition.

ESSAYS FROM OUR LEATHERN CHAIR.

NO. III.

THANKSGIVING.

In sooth, it maketh the heart yearn toward the memories of our pious ancestors, that in every blessing and in every misfortune they recognised the immediate hand of Him who hath all things as in the hollow of his hand. Did the fierce savage stand upon their borders and uplift the bright edged tomahawk, and draw to the head the feathered arrow? forthwith did they raise the voice of supplication, that the One Eternal would lead them to victory. Did the pestilence, like a spectre walk among them, and breathe upon them his chilling and withering breath—and as chaff in the fire, they fell senseless to the earth—the prayer of grieving hearts was heard in the little community ascending upward to heaven. Did famine enter their doors—their crops fall short—their corn be blighted and mildewed—and no human aid approach to gladden their souls—in robes of sackcloth, they bowed themselves down in humiliation and looked for help where the well-springs of mercy are unfailing. Did the rich harvest swell out their granies and make them clap their hands in happiness, and hope;—forthwith did the rulers issue a decree that in the stillness of the family circle, the offering of gratitude should ascend, while all in thankfulness partook of the bounty of Heaven—and year after year has the festival been appointed—and year after year has the offering been placed upon the altar—and thus have we our joyous Thanksgiving!

There be many among us, men of stern hearts, who look with a scowling eye upon festivals and holidays—[illegible] offering in the world, where [illegible] clouds of [illegible]—with smiles, whose bland assiduities are [illegible] by [illegible] aversion, or sunkenness of [illegible] jealousy, would have the world piled on without a resting spot; the wheel of business revolve without a pause; and man take no repose from weariness. It hath no to confer with such—they understand not the true principle of vigorous and undecaying prosperity. In sooth, thy wrath reader is a true and faithful servant; it seeketh not its tick, that telleth thee how fast thou growest old, but scoureth its little bell from day to day and from month to month—but at sundry times it needeth to be cleansed and fitted for healthier action. So doth the brain of man oft require to be freed from gathering rust, that he may start afresh upon the race. He must, here and there, have a stopping place in the journey of life—such are festivals and holidays—my soul delighteth in them.

There be two kinds of holidays—the general and the social—and for a specimen of the first will I instance the Fourth of July—when man goeth abroad and smileth, and shaketh hands with his neighbor, and meeteth [illegible] townsmen—when the loud voices of warlike instruments startle the air with noise, and the merry bells incessantly clang—when bonfires illuminate, and youngsters are mischievous—and pomp and music and rejoicings make the senses wonder—there is joy in all this—but it is a joy that hath a sting—its very excitement wearieth—thou art glad when it is over, and calmness resumeth her reign within thee.

The social—such is Thanksgiving. Man calmly and quietly sitteth himself down by his fireside and at his board, and in the gratefulness of his heart thanketh God that He hath been kind. He gathereth his household together from every part, unless perchance some loved one be far, far away, beyond the cold mountains or the broad blue sea—and then he blesseth them—and if there be a solitary exile from the family altar, then is the absent one remembered—then are his virtues spoken of, and love—the deep love of a father, mother and brethren, fresh kindled—the silent tear falleth, the eye is raised and the prayer ascendeth, that the stranger from his home may be blessed in the protection of his Heavenly friend—and the heartfelt sentiment goeth round, 'To the memory of the absent!' O truly of all days in the year do I most affect Thanksgiving!—It hath so much of subdued and quiet joy—yet deep and gushing and hallowed!—making the heart better and the eye brighter and the soul happier. It compareth with other holidays as the stirring sounds of a drum and fife compare with the sweet melting melody of a flute—the one making the blood to beat quicker in its pulses and the step lighter, but mingling much of earth's emotion—the other, soothing the troubled spirit, and softly lulling the voice of sorrow to quiet rest! For its holier influences do I love Thanksgiving—for its sacred, its heavenly associations!

In sooth, now do I fear that I approach a bathos—the corporeal joys of that festival—the associations that have more to do with the body than with the soul—the masticating happiness of Thanksgiving!—and that I may approach it with grace and propriety, will I for a moment descant on the two days preceding the holiday. It cometh on Thursday—on Monday is the horn sounded—and on Tuesday preparation beginneth. On Tuesday of Thanksgiving week, do I most devoutly call on every saint of the calendar to carry me safely through! Home is derobed of its ordinary charms—dinner cometh late, and hath not the aspect of dinner—supper, peradventure cometh not at all. One learneth at this awful period the rudiments of satisfying his own wants, and running his own errands. The boy is waiting on the cook—the cook appeareth covered with flour—the chambermaid maketh the chopping-knife to resound.—Butter, raisins, suet, dough, and other ingredients thrust themselves upon the attention. The children sit up late, forsooth, because no one will put them to bed—and one rejoiceth to retreat thither himself as a most desirable refuge. Wednesday abateth not the nuisance but addeth to it tenfold—and with a sigh of gratitude, one riseth from his couch on Thanksgiving day!

Eating! How many look with ineffable contempt upon the lover of good cheer! How many regard the soul of the gourmand as a base compound of earthly grossness! How many, unable to bear the odium of affecting the tasteful things of existence, steal away like thieves and indulge their appetites in secret. How many will thank me that I come boldly to the rescue!—that I man the fortifications of argument against the opponents of the stomach!—that I place the lance in rest, for the lovers of good cheer!

Let me reason—and bear patiently with me, thou who masticateth sparingly, and thinkest thyself therefore, one step nearer to angelic perfection—flout not at me, but read and be convinced. Hath God given any thing in vain? Hath he not bestowed every thing in wisdom and for the diffusion of happiness? Thou wilt say yes assuredly. Well then—there are five senses—hearing, seeing, feeling, smelling and tasting! Thou hearest beautiful music, and art choice in thy selections to please thyself—thou lookest with rapture on lovely things and thou pronouncest this more delightful than that, and feedest thine eyes upon it.—Art thou not judging the Most High, when thou reflectest upon the sense of taste?—Art thou not unjust to Him who is careful with what he supplieth it? Most assuredly.

I look not with complacency upon him who maketh his inner man his god—and worshippeth it. But is not he as culpable, who stuffeth imagination beyond a reasonable extent, by indulging his ears or his eyes too far? Thou mayest say that hearing and seeing are not of so gross a nature. Stop—thou treadest on holy ground—thou art arraigning thy Maker.

It is pleasant to eat of the fat of the land, and happy is he who uniteth heavenly and earthly sensibility on Thanksgiving day—for the skill of the housewife is then put in most constant requisition—then are the best things served up for the palate in the best manner—then may one delicately taste here and there and luxuriate and be filled! O, thou who hast a palate, fear not! Philosophy and propriety protect thee when thou indulgest! Be bold, and retreat behind the banner of thy rights!

In sooth, both mind and body may find refreshment and joy on the merry Yankee Thanksgiving! H.

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN DUNN HUNTER,' whose extraordinary adventures in England, obtained him there the title of '*Arch Impostor*.'—Being a reply to the calumnies of the North American Review, Blackwood and other Journals, after the publication of '*Hunter's Narrative*.' *Now in preparation for the press.*

'As with Napoleon, so with me. When I have completed this brief memoir, when it is published to the four quarters of the Earth, as it shall be if I live, and this feeling continues, all who have read my other life only to abuse it, and all who have dared to arraign my motives, when I was far away and unable to defend myself, together with that Magog of a Reviewer who presumed to class me with the trumpery imposters of a gone-by age, will be sorry for what they have said of me, and I hope astonished at my forbearance and the unprincipled wickedness or folly of my accusers, and peradventure at the ingratitude of my country. * * * I am not what I seem. * * *

'When Charles the Fifth cast away the pomp of Royalty and betook himself to solitude, how many were there to give him credit for the long silence he maintained,—there, *there!* in his dreary cell, whenever the winds blew that way and the roar of the Great world—the cry of Empire—broke upon his meditations? Lo the injustice of man! What wonder therefore, if turning my back forever upon this age, I lay my hand upon my heart, and appeal to the magnanimity of the next. * * * * * * Just think of what I was, and of what I accomplished! Was there nothing wonderful in the *fact*—the simple isolated fact, that for three whole years I seated myself in the very market-places and most crowded thoroughfares of our Earth, inviting the severest scrutiny and braving the worst chances of exposure? Nothing sublime—I use the word with a full understanding of its high import—after being highly praised by the chief [illegible] of the age for [illegible] Indians in the simplest language—[illegible] from the Narrative—[illegible] of my history—apart from the Narrative—[illegible] it is considered that notwithstanding my limited education, which but enabled me to read and write, and cipher as far as the rule of three, notwithstanding the cipher as far as the rule of three, notwithstanding my vulgarity of my personal appearance, my low stature, vulgarity of my personal appearance, my low stature, large hands, broad feet, high cheek bones and light large hands, broad feet, high cheek bones and light hair, in less than a twelvemonth after I went seriously hair, in less than a twelvemonth after I went seriously to work at Philadelphia, with nobody to help or stimulate me, with no precedent in my favor, no experience of the world, no money, no friends, neither hope nor chance of notoriety apart from the bold vision that haunted me with a visible and most encouraging pronunciation—that within a twelvemonth from this time, I had thousands, and tens of thousands of believers—I became the companion of princes—literally their companion—the familiar associate of the proudest and the wealthiest, the wisest and the loveliest of the British Empire. * * * * * *

NAMES. In a town in the county of Worcester, there are two highly respectable physicians, one of whom bears the name of *Rising*. A wag being asked if there was any difference in the two doctors, replied, yes a material difference—one, said he, is *Rising*, and the other *risen*.

OLD MASTER TILESTON. It is said of the late Master Tileston, that he considered it expedient to give each pupil one cut each day with his bearskin, to keep him awake and remind them of the duty of obedience.—Hence a distinguished gentleman, a disbeliever in the efficacy of the whipping system, at a school dinner gave the following sentiment: 'The memory of Master Tileston and the rod in the cowskin, if not just, it seemed to be equitable, in as much as he endeavored to take *off* as much *hide* as he he laid on.'

FEAR. He who never fears, is desperate; and he who fears always, is a coward—a truly valiant man is he who dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought.

AN ENEMY. He who professes to be your enemy, arms you against the evil he would do you; but he who affects to be your friend strikes beyond caution, and wounds above cure—from the first you may deliver yourself, from the last 'good lord deliver you.'

LAW AND PHYSIC. Use Law and Physick only from necessity; if otherwise, you may be sure of weak bodies and light purses—they are good remedies—but bad to be pursued as a matter of business or recreation.

PATIENCE. Has any one wounded your feelings? exercise patience—hasty words irritats the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it and oblivion takes away the scar.

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.

The mail of Friday afternoon brings the terrible news of the most devastating fire that ever occurred in the annals of our country. It began back of Exchange street, and consumed Exchange, Williams, Well, Pond and many other streets in their vicinity. The most extensive dealers have their stock entirely destroyed; among them Arthur Tappan, Stone, Swan & Mason, Burns, Halliburton & Co, Bailey, Poor & Benason, Brigham & Fay (formerly of Boston) and other well known firms. The Exchange and consequently the Post Office are gone, and it is thought that several men were *buried in the fall of the walls!* A cargo of tea just stored, belonging to —— of Salem, worth $300,000 was entirely destroyed. No insurance. A church was consumed. The loss is estimated at FIFTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!! Every insurance office in New York must become bankrupt. They will not pay fifty per cent.

Several firms in this city will suffer greatly; and also some of our insurance offices. The extent is yet unknown.

The injury is incalculable. It will have an influence upon *the whole country*. New York will be long in recovering from its effects.

N. B. The Post-office could not distribute, and consequently we have no letters. Our 'Correspondence' must of course be deferred till next week.

PRINTERS LETTERS. Here's a precious piece of information. The subscriber moved from town some six months since—the Postmaster knows it and delivers the papers to some one not authorized to receive them, and when he moves away, writes us to stop it or pay postage.

South Orange, Dec. 14, 1835.

Messrs Neal & Harrington

Sirs your paper which comes to this office in the name of Z. K. Burnett is not taken out this therefore to request you to stop the same. Mr Burnett moved from this place last spring but his paper has been taken out by Mr Whitaker until within abont three weeks he has also moved from here I saw him about a week since and he refused to take them out you will please stop his paper unless you will pay the Postage.

Yours &c OTIS BROOKS.

FLAT HEAD INDIANS. In the Boston Phrenological Society's Room are a number of casts of the heads of these remarkable aborigines. Ross Cox in an account of a journey to the far West, mentions the race and the manner in which their heads become thus singularly shaped. It is this: *Immediately* after birth the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle, with moss under it. A padding is then placed on the forehead with a piece of cedar bark over it, and by means of cords passed through small holes on each side of the cradle, the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and is not attended with much pain. When released from this inhuman process the head is perfectly flattened, the upper part seldom exceeding an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity. They allege as an excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads. The good qualities of these Indians are few—their vices many. Industry, patience, sobriety and ingenuity nearly comprise the former; while in the latter may be classed, thieving, lying, incontinence, gambling and cruelty. They are also perfect hypocrites.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

LATEST FROM FRANCE. The packet ship Utica, at New York from Havre, brings Paris dates to the evening of the 30th October. The Journal of Commerce says, that letters from the best sources say that a conciliatory Message on the part of our President, would put an end to all difficulty and ensure the payment of the money.

The intercourse between Mr Barton and the French government had been entirely courteous and friendly.—The Ministry replied to Mr B's inquiry, that as Mr Livingston's letter was written before the passage of the Bill to the Chambers, they were desirous of something subsequent, and that as the President of the United States had said he could say no more, but shou d refer the matter to Congress; they waited to see what would transpire on the meeting of Congress, and in the mean time had forwarded despatches to the French Charge at Washington.

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

The committee appointed to cause a Census of the City to be taken, made a report, which was accepted. The whole number 78,603, viz: white males 37,822; white females 39,024; colored males 788; colored females 969. Persons not naturalized: white males 4,606; white females 3,064; colored males 9; colored females 5—7,684.

Warrants granted to the following members of the Fire Department, viz: Amos Dunbar jr, foreman; Joseph Bridgeman, 1st assistant foreman; Joseph R. Bradford, 2d assistant foreman, and John L. Whipple, clerk of Fire and Hose Company Ward No 8. Luther W. Dunbar, foreman; Augustus Denton, 1st assistant foreman, and W. H. Otis, clerk, of Engine Company No 6.

Joseph Hay declines a re-election as Director of the House of Reformation.

Monday next, at 4 o'clock, was assigned for the choice of Directors of the House of Reformation.

Resolve passed to widen Pitts street.

Remonstrance of Nathaniel Goddard and Henry K. May, against the petition of John B. Tremere and others, praying that the street or passage way leading from Ann street, may be opened to Commercial street opposite the head of Union wharf; referred.

Leave was given to Benjamin Comey and others to sink a well in Commercial street near Foster street, and Milton Homan and others, to sink one in North Margin street.

On the petition of John Scanery and others, for leave to establish a wholesale fish market near the Faneil Hall Market, the committee reported that it is inexpedient to grant the same.

CROCKETT CONVICTED.—The jury, in this important case, after being out two hours, came into Court at 8 o'clock last evening, and returned a verdict of *Guilty*. The punnishment is death. After the verdict was declared, the prisoner appeared to be very much afflicted, and, rising, observed—"I declare before God and man, that I am not guilty."—*Morning Post.*

We learn that Mrs. S—A nurse employed to take charge of a sick child, was found yesterday morning lying on the sidewalk, in Chester street, opposite the house, senseless, and with her limbs badly frozen.—She was discovered by the parent of the child, who had risen early, to call a consulting physician. She had thrown herself, in her sleep from a window of the room, in the second story of the house, where she was in attendance on the child.—*Transcript.*

One of the Engines on the Worcester Railroad run off the track, yesterday morning, owing to drifts of snow and the wind.

The engineer on the Worcester Railroad, from Westboro', had his ears and face badly frozen.—*Trans.*

Mrs. Lucinda S. Cleveland formerly of Boston, was drowned in the Delaware, near Philadelphia, a few days since.

STABBING. A man by the name of John Brown, belonging to the steamboat Minerva, was stabbed on Tuesday morning last, by a person named John McIvon formerly second mate of the same boat. Brown died almost instantly of his wounds. The perpetrator of this bloody tragedy was immediately put in confinement, and on Wednesday last was tried before Justice Cox,—and fully committed for trial at the next Circuit Court. There is little doubt, we understand, that the case will prove to be one of deliberate and wilful murder.—*Mobile Adv.*

GIN SHOPS. One of them in London has a brass plate upon it, which costs about £50. There enter weekly into 14 of the principal gin shops of London near 270,000 persons—near one half of whom are women and about 30,000 children. The number of places for the sale of distilled tpirits there, exceeds that of bakers, butchers and fishmongers united.

OUTRAGE. We learn that a most brutal assault was committed in Conway, on the 3d, inst (Thanksgiving day) on the person of a woman, and by her *husband and husband's father*. An investigation has been had before a magistrate (Mr Bassett of Ashfield) and the accused parties have been bound over for their appearance at the next term of Court. Our information is not so direct as to warrant us in givign names.—*Greenfield Mercury.*

GREAT FIRE AT CHERAW, S. C. Extract from a letter dated Cheraw, Dec. 9—"A large portion of the business part of this town was destroyed by fire today, which broke out in the drug store of Mr J. Westervelt, on Front street, about 12 o clock, and a brisk westerly wind soon communicated the flames to the adjoining buildings, and in about three hours a large number of stores on Front street, with most of their contents, together with several hundred bales of cotton in the yards and sheds were destroyed.

We learn that while Col. Parker, of Winchester, was crossing the Connecticut river on the ice, between Northfield and Gill, on Wednesday week last with a sleigh and span of horses, the ice gave way and the horses were drowned.

Effects of the cold weather on Wednesday.—A traveller was found frozen to death at West Cambridge, and another on the Newburyport Turnpike.

A young man going to Lynn, with a party, was nearly frozen to death. He was taken from the sleigh about two miles from the town, carried into a neighboring house, and, by judicious management, happily resuscitated

EXPLOSION.—We learn from Lowell, that the Press House of the Powder Works at that place, was blown up thursday morning about 10 o'clock. Two men, Eli Wentworth and John Philbric, lost their lives. Loss estimated at $2500.

The Pennsylvania Canal is entirely closed with ice, and of course all business upon it will be suspendid until Spring.

Judge Hutchison, of Vermont has recovered $3,900 of the editor of the Woodstock Courier for a libel on his character.

COSTLY CHANDELIER.—We learn from a New Orleans paper, that a splendid new Chandelier has recently arrived in that city, from Liverpool—intended for Mr. Caldwell's new Theatre—which is composed of 23,535 pieces, and cost nearly eleven hundred pounds sterling.

DEATH BY BURNING.—A woman, living in the rear of 117 Walker street, left a child about 3 years old locked up in her room, while she went out to procure some articles from a grocery in the neighborhood, and on returning, found the little innocent burnt to a cinder. It is supposed, the child wandered too near the fire and its clothes caught.

On Wednesday morning, Knower's patent leather established at Roxbury took fire, but was extinguished with little damage.

On Wednesday afternoon, a large wooden barn just above the Post Office in Roxbury, occupied by many Irish families, took fire and was partially damaged.—*Brigg's Bulletin.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, George Fenlee to Mrs Jane Rollins; Ezra Wynn, of Sterling, to Sophronia Harper; Silas Goodrich to Matilda M. Haynes; Ebenezer Flagg to Almira Haskell; James W. Hamilton to Frances M. Hawkes; Israel Hathaway to Mary Ann Loudon; Thomas Mack, of Andover, to Sarah Abbot; Alexander H. Johnson, of Northwood, N. H. to Elizabeth J. Bartlett, of Thornton, N. H.

At South Boston, Wm Wise to Julia Hood.

At Charlestown, John M. Smith to Almira Andrews.

At Cambridge, Reuben G. Metcalf to Liefly Parmenter, both of Wrentham.

At Newton, George D. Cabot, of this city, to Harriet S. Dodge of Salem.

At Newton, Lower Falls, Wyllys G. Eaton to Elizabeth H. Bemis.

At Portsmouth, N. H. Charles J. Appleton, of Cambridge, to Sophia Haven.

At Philadelphia, A. A. Addams to Mary Duff, both members of the corps dramatique.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Mary Howes, 27; Miss Maria F. Clark, 19; John Herbert, of the Warren Theatre, 64.

At Charlestown, Isaac Dodge, 27; Bradbury W. Richardson, 31; Hosea Rugg, formerly of Northboro' 20; Susanna Elizabeth Martin, 3 years; John Kidder, 82, a revolutionery patriot.

At West Cambridge, Mrs Mary Ann Fifield, 27.

At Cambridgeport, Francis Bowman Jr. 10.

A Groton, Horatio, son of Horatio Bass, of this city, 12.

At Swanzey, N. H. Miss Laura Rice, 19.

At West Sandwich, Silvanus Gibbs, 86, a patriot of the revolution.

At Rye N. H. Drisco Knox, a soldier of the revolution, 87,

At Bangor, while on a visit to her friends, Miss Maria B. Bacon, of Deerfield, Mass, 22.

Improvement on Dental Surgery

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT,

CONTINUES to perform all the necessary operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *Incorruptible Teeth* on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

Persons requiring operations on the Teeth, will please call and see specimens at office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3mis dec 12

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be; one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia March's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

NEW WORKS.

A NEW supply of Lawrence on the Diseases of the Eye, and Mackintosh's Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic.

Life of Sir Walter Scott, with critical notices of his writings, by George Allen, Esq. which is commenced as one of the most attractive books of its class published for a long period, is now published in Waldie's Library. Subscriptions to present volume, of which seven numbers are published, $2.00.

Parley's Almanac, for 1836, is now ready for delivery to the Trade and others. This work is designed to be continued, from year to year, and to be a pleasing manual to all ages. It contains nearly 100 pages of useful and amusing matter, with neat illustrations by wood engravings, and should be preserved as of permanent value. The Publisher has already received many flattering notices of its design and contents. S. COLMAN, sept 12 20, Cornhill.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those who have *given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boissean Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Barton, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 5th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Samuel A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delaney, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
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Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

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Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev R Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoinst.
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Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
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Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

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THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscle, Bones, &c, and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a desease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps, Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the chracter of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Deavenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central Wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8.

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

OF Useful and Entertaining Information, contains a large variety of most useful and interesting matter with beautiful illustrations, by wood engravings.

No's 5 and 6, just issued, contain, among other original and selected articles, an engraving of the method of teaching the blind, with a particular account of the N. E Institution. The work is continued monthly, at $1 per year. S. COLMAN,

General Periodical and Book Publisher.

aug 29 Nos 18 and 20, Cornhill.

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN.

Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co. may 2

BOSTON AND LOWELL RAIL ROAD.

THE Cars for the present and until further notice will leave Boston and Lowell at 9 and 3 o'clock.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the [illegible] manner of Harrison and Brighton streets. [illegible]

nov 30 [illegible] DEXTER, Agent.

Great Natural Curiosity.

THE Proprietor has the pleasure to announce to the public that he has procured, at great expense, a commodious and well finished room, opposite the south west corner of Faneuil Hall, (No 7 Market Square) where his exhibition can be witnessed by persons of either sex, and of all ages, with perfect safety and convenience.

His exhibition consists of TWO LARGE ASIATIC SERPENTS, from 12 to 14 feet in length, perfectly docile, and may be handled with perfect safety; and the LEARNED MONKEY, DON PEDRO, who performs most astonishing and incredible feats, such as fencing with the sword, playing on cymbals, triangle violin, and tamborine, &c, &c, which has amused and astonished thousands of persons in the United States.

Hours of exhibition from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents; good music accompanies the exhibition oct 31

LITERARY PREMIUM

THE subscriber respectfully offers to any past or present member of this Fire Department, (actors excepted) a SILVER CUP, value Fifty Dollars, for the best Poetical Address to the 'Firemen of the City of Boston;' to be delivered on or before the 15th day of December. A committee of five literary gentlemen will adjudge the Prize. The subscriber will consider the second best like wise his property; others will be returned, if desired.

W. H. SMITH.

☞ The Poem will be expected to contain from eighty to one hundred lines. Communications may be addressed to the Editor of the Transcript, who will present them to the Committee.

Tremont Theatre, Nov. 28, 1835. tD15.

Day and Evening Schools.

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER,

CONTINUE their DAY SCHOOL, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South Church, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English education.

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid, by Mr. Baker, to those who wish to fit for the counting room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL*, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

BOAS! BOAS! BOAS!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.

sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutra, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars, &c.

sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

SHEPHERD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water Street, 2 doors from Washington St.

KEEPS for sale, all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

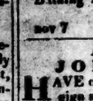
Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

A large discount made for cash. april 4

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER,

(Late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill)



HAS for sale at his store, No. 37 Court st. opposite the new Court House, an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable N. York and Boston made *HATS, CAPS, GLOVES* and *UMBRELLAS*. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B. Hats and Caps made to order. tf may 9

GO TO

KIMBALL'S

12, WASHINGTON-STREET,

FOR

STOCKS,

LINEN DRAPERY, HOSE, GLOVES, &c.

PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES.

THE Lecture on FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 18th, at the Masonic Temple, will be delivered by Rev. GEO. W. BRADBURN. To commence at 7 o'clock, precisely.

☞ Tickets to a Single Lecture 25 cents, to be paid at the door.

dec 12 JOHN S. SLEEPER, Rec. Sec.

Winter and Fall Sperm Oil.

WINTER and FALL STRAINED SPERM OIL, put up in tin canisters and sent to any part of the city free of expense.

Cast Iron STOVES for Coal and Wood of all descriptions.

Also, TIN WARE: Room Heaters, Venison Blazers, and a general assortment of kitchen furniture.

Bathing Tubs to sell or let.

WM. B. OLIVER.

nov 7 No. 19 Union Street, opposite Marshall st.

Feathers, Hair, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.

HAVE on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic Feathers, South American Hair; first rate Feather Beds; Hair Mattresses; Cushions, &c. which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No 18 Union street. istf may 9

MATRESSES,

Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.

No. 18 UNION STREET.

HAVE on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

Also, on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms. june 27

NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c, 3 volumes.

The Token and *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.

The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with nine engravings.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, Esq. in 2 volums.

Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and facete of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street. sept 25

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

French and English Chintzes.

A LARGE assortment of Winter Calicoes, selling off cheap by E. F. NEWHALL, dec 5 179 Washington street.

WASH LEATHER SUITS,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. dec 5

MULBERRY MERINOS.

A FEW ps Mulberry, Brown, Olive and Green, very dark and desirable shades, just received and for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, dec 5 179 Washington street.

MERINOS.

PRIME assortment of English and French Merinos and Thibet CLOTHS, for sale low, by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street. dec 5

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

THE Subscribers have formed a Copartnership in business under the firm and style of

JONES, LOWS & BALL,

and will occupy the new granite building recently erected, No. 123 WASHINGTON STREET; where they respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.

JOHN J. LOW;
FRANCIS LOW;
SAMUEL S. BALL,
GEORGE B. JONES.

June 15

A CARD. The Subscriber having relinquished his interest in business to his Son, George B. Jones, and disposed of his entire stock to Messrs. JONES, LOWS & BALL; takes pleasure in recommending his friends and customers to the above firm. All persons indebted to him will please make payment, and all to whom he may be indebted are requested to call and receive their dues, at 123 Washington Street. JOHN B. JONES.

June 15

NOTICE! The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JOHN J. LOW & CO. is by mutual consent this day dissolved—Having formed a new copartnership, they respectfully ask the patronage of their former customers and friends for the new firm of JONES, LOWS & BALL. The unsettled affairs of the late firm of John J. Low & Co. will be adjusted at No. 123 Washington street. JOHN J. LOW,

Nov 10, 1835. FRANCIS LOW.

Rich Silks and Merinos.

E. F. NEWHALL,

No. 179 Washington Street,

HAS just received, 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and new *styles*.

3 cases extra super LAMA MERINOS, colors bronze, grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, byron, mulberry, fawn, ashes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange and black.

4 cases ENGLISH MERINOS, all colors, *very low*.

5 " English and French CHINTZES, some new and beautiful styles.

3 bales white Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine*.

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Handk'fs, a very desirable article for the season.

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths of fashionable shades; Buckskins rib'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and colored Table Cloths; VELVETS; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Handk'fs; in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices*. 1stf sept 26

Ready Made Custom Shoes.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

KEEPS on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', misses' and childrens' *SHOES*, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fulness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter, A is understood.

No. 198 Tremont Street,

july 4 tf *Six doors from Court Street.*

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years.—The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year and be conducted by

HENRY F. HARRINGTON,

Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with

STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Of which Tales, Poetry and Essays,—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc, will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Character—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature; Men and Manners and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuisances and abuse to the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs, without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this state. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance, of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

In addition to which they offer Prizes—

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

As follows—FIFTY DOLLARS for the best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the second best TALE and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM. The subjects and length of the several articles to be at the option of the competitors.—Manuscripts can be directed to the Editor of the Galaxy, *post paid*, to June 1st, 1836, and the award will be made by a literary committee during the month following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name,' and the direction of the successful authors *only* will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the publishers of the Galaxy.

TERMS. The Galaxy is published every Saturday at THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Postmasters or others forwarding twelve dollars shall receive Five papers or a reasonable commission.

CONDON & CO.

32 Congress street, Boston.

November the 7th, 1835.

☞ To Editors of papers in the *New England States*, who copy the above, and occasionally our notice of Contents, we promise an exchange for one year, provided always that the Galaxy shall not be put on a reading-room file. We would not exact this, were it not that our exchange list is already a heavy tax, and the advantage wholly on the side of our country brethren.

CLOAKS.

A GOOD assortment of ladies' and misses' French and English Merino Cloaks—Dunstable and Florence Gypsey Hats and Bonnets. Also, a good selection of fancy Ribbons. J. NIGHTINGALE,

nov 14 7wis No. 287 Washington street.

Combs! Combs! Combs!

A. S. JORDAN,

Sign of the Original Golden Comb, No. 2, Milk St.

MANUFACTURES and has for sale a well selected assortment of shell and horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf may 23

BOOTS and SHOES

FOR CASH, at very low prices, wholesale and retail, by *THOMAS C. WALES*, No. 195 Washington street.

New Stock of Boots and Shoes.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also, a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No. 28 North Market street, by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale. tf feb 14

THE ORIGINAL

GOLDEN COMB.

S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

J. BURRILL,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

73

CORNHILL.

july 11 6w

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. ju

FOUND

IN Harvard Place, about the 14th ult, a bundle of Gentlemen's wearing apparel which the owner may have by applying to AMOS BAKER, at the head of the Place. oct 10 3t

BOXING GLOVES,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. dec 5

*Figured and Plain Silks

MISCELLANY.

[From the Cincinnati Mirror.]

WESTERN SCENERY.

An Extract from a Poem, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Cambridge, Mass. Sept. 2, 1835,

BY REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

Mourn as the Athenian ! orator-nation,
Crossing a rocky promontory's head,
That juts out o'er the Saronic ocean,
A band of exiles and many captives led,
Bares on the Acropolis ! Gloriously the storm
Purples it now the East. The stars are shorn
And struggle forward with their rays red white,
They fade and vanish in the advancing light.
O or the far forest-isles, thickwreath'd homes
Of morning opening blooms in rushing fragrance ;
And the imperial sun, as he ascends,
His sceptred rays extends.
To the far summits that to heaven aspire—
And at the touch they glow with heaven's own fire.
The smoking mountain harness lift.
The mists that hang in the deep vales, and drift
Their folds, now fiery, and now dark, aloft—
They rise—scattered, and thin, and soft—
The incense of those mountain altars—to the clear,
Blue dome of heaven, and disappear.
As touched by Prospero's wand, a wide expanse
Opens at once upon their backward glances ;
Far down—a rolling vale, wherein the might
Of nations could do battle for a nation's right ;
Around—heights over heights the vale embrace,
Like levels round some vast arena's space ;
And far beyond, the clouds around them furled,
Heaves each long mountain range ; a rampart of the world

Upon the naked promontory's brow
That overhung the wilderness below,
The travellers paused to look upon the scene,
The wife upon her husband's arm did lean,
And he upon his rifle, silently.
Hushed even was happy childhood's morning glee.
The vastness of the scene weighed down the sense,
A man felt nothing but his impotence,
And His supremacy who reigns *alone*,
The earth his footstool, and the heaven his throne.'

Sublimest was the awful silence there,
Hushing the very progress of the air.
Through the deep vale below a river flowed.
Falling, at times, in si ver sheets—then hid
The o'erhanging wilderness amid—
Now hurrying 'tween the jagged rocks and rude ;
Yet no murmur rose fo where they stood.
The infrequent c ouds drifted athwart the sky,
Ever and ever floating silently.
Upon the top most crag, splintered and bare,
Its angles glittering in the morning's g are,
With an unsteady wing
And naked ta ons, balancing,
An eagle sat and screamed t' the silence ;—hill,
And wood, and silent cloud, echoed his accents shrill.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS

NO. XXIX.

THINGS IN LONDON.

July, 1835.

'One man is nothing—at most but an atom,a mere atom, an anatomatized atom ! Horror of horrors—how many times has this London been emptied in the many past centuries! What do they do with the dead? Can the earth hold them? How many feet deep of dead think you, there are under the earth, hereabout? If the resurrection will be, as we think, what a spectacle will be exhibited here! The two millions of people over whom I am looking now, thirty years hence, will be half gone :—sixty years hence, quite gone. A new race will be in these streets. Our day will be *antiquity*. People will wonder how we looked and acted. The peoples' children's children will be tramping over us. Two millions more of the dead will be added to the millions of millions under the earth. Other men will be in St. Stephen's then. The St. James will have another King and Queen, if King and Queen then there be,—and the worms will be eating this one, if then he be not already eaten. Perchance his monument will stand up somewhere, as rusty as Charles the Second's. But old Thames will be what he now is. He will not change. Whip up quickly your heavy horses,ye draymen on Ludgate Hill. Others are hurrying to take your places. Drive on, livery boys. Who will drive when you are dead? What will a thousand years know of you? What folly to pile up these huge masses of stone ! Old Time sends abroad millions of messengers, eating and gnawing the very stone,—and by and by he comes himself, with his terrible sledge, and strikes down what they have loosened. And you, Westminster Abbey, must also fall. He is at work upon you.—By and by, rubbish will fill your Poet's Corner. Aye this old Tower, they are propping up and propping up. Its turrets look as if they shake. *There*, is the monument erected in memory of the great fire. Who knows, but another great fire will level even this dome in the dust. Sir Christopher Wren built this—and Sir Christopher Wren sleeps in a dark cell under my feet.

I have just been looking at Nelson's sarcophagus, under the very centre of this dome. Nelson died to lay in that gloomy place, to dissol whose darkness, torches must be lighted, ere his tomb can be seen. Oh, what is glory ! A shilling is asked to see him,and the great painters, and some others—the same sum is demanded for seeing the beasts in the Tower. What care all the mighty mass of human beings moving around this church, who lie buried here ! The huge clock is striking. How many have died within the scan of the eye hence, since it first began to strike ! Why cannot we arrest the march of Time, and keep young, and ever have such fresh feelings as I have now? The mischief is, I get used to every thing. What is new today, will be old to-morrow. Already London seems natural—not so strange, so awful, as when I came here almost frantic with astonishment. I cannot catch new thoughts, but I instantly lose them. What I see in the morning as wonderful, becomes old before night arrives. If I write down every thing as it first seems to me, I rave. If I wait till I am cool, the phantom is gone, and I am spiritless. The sound of the organ below, startles me again. I hear its loud notes swelling through the dome, and rolling through niche and gallery. The preachers in cathedrals ought to be giants, with giants' voices. If man had the power of the organ, a vocal power like that, then he could speak fitly of heaven in such vast aisles. He looks puny now, not like God's messenger. The service of religion is below, and the service of mammon about ;—religion in the church,—money-scrambling without. See the goldgetters in the great Bank at my feet. In that Royal Exchange nearly full of rich merchants, the wealthiest on the globe, empires are bargained for. And then the forests of masts on Thames, and in the huge docks far

ANNUAL [illegible]

[illegible] Literature, [illegible]

[illegible] Offering, [illegible]

[illegible] Year, edited by [illegible]

[illegible] Cooper, Penn, White, Sigourney, Dana, Bryant, Sands, Percival, Halleck, Pierpont, Hillhouse, Sprague, Willis, Morris, Hoffman, Verplanck, Sedgwick, Paulding, Flagg, Hall, Leggett, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gilman, Miss Lee, Miss Hewitt, Miss Gould, Miss Ellet, Miss Lynch, Miss Anne C. Lynch, Miss Hooper, Miss Hall, Miss Ann S. Stephens, Miss Sarah J. Hale, Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick, Miss Lydia H. Sigourney, Miss Eliza Leslie, Miss Caroline Gilman, Miss Emma C. Embury, Miss Frances S. Osgood, Miss Elizabeth F. Ellet, Miss Caroline M. Kirkland, Miss Anne C. Lynch, Miss Mary E. Hewitt, Miss Sarah